COLUMBIA DEMOCRAT.

AND BLOOMSBURG GENERAL ADVERTISER.

LEVI L TATE, Proprietor. "To Hold and Trim the Torch of Truth and Wave it o'er the darkened Earth" ALEM B. TATE, Publisher.

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BALTIMORE LOCK HOSPITAL
DOCTOR JOHNSTON.

THE founder of this Celebrated Institution, offers the most certain, speedy, and only effectual remedy in the world for effects for Gleets, Stricture, Seminal weakness, Pains in the Loins, Constitutional Debility, Impotency, Weakness of the Back and Limbs, Affections of the Kidneys, Palpitation of the Heart, Dispepsia, Nervous Irritability, Disease of the Head, Throat, Nose or Skin, and all those serious and melancholy Disorders arising from the destructive habits of Youth, which destroys both body and mind. These secret and solitary practices are more fatal to their victims than the song of the Syrens to the mariners Ulysses, blighting their most brilliant hopes of anticipations, rendering marriage, &c., impossible.

Young Men.

especially, who have become the victims of solitary Vice, that dreadful and destructive habit, which annually sweeps to an untimely grave thousands of young men of the most exalted talents and brilliant intellect, who might otherwise have entranced listening Senates with the thunders of eloquence, or waked to ecstacies the lyre, may call with all confidence.

Marriage.

Married persons, or Young Men contemplating marriage, being aware of physical weakness, organic debility, deformities, &c., should immediately consult Dr Johnston, and be restored to perfect health,

He who places himself under the care of Dr. Johnston may religiously confide in his honor as a gentleman, and confidently rely upon his skill as physician

Organic Weakness

immediately cured and full vigor restored.

This disease is the penalty most frequently paidby those who have become the victim of improper indulgencies. Young persons are too apt to commit excess from not being aware of the dreadful consequence that may ensue. Now, any one that understands the subject will pretend to deny that the power of procreation is lost sooner by those falling into improper habits than by the prudent. Besides being deprived of the pleasure of healthy offspring, the most serious and destructive symptoms to both body and mind arise. The system becomes nervous deprived, the physical and mental powers weakened, nervous debility, dyspepsia, palpitation of the heart, indigestion, a wasting of the frame, cough, symptoms of consumption &c."

☞ Place No 7 South Frederick Street, seven doors from Baltimore street. East side, up the steps. Be particular in observing the NAME and NUMBER, or you will mistake the place.

A Cure Warranted, or no Charge Made, in from One to Two Days.

NO MERCURY OR NAUSEOUS DRUGS USED.

Dr. Johnston,

Member of the Royal College of Surgeons, London (a diploma given to one of the most eminent colleges of the United States, and the greater part of whose life has been spent in the first Hospitals of London, Paris) has had under his care more than a thousand cases of the most astonishing cures that were ever known; many troubles with ringing in the head and ears when asleep, great nervousness, being alarmed at sudden sounds, and bashfulness, with frequent blushing, attended sometimes with derangement of mind were cured in a monthly.

A Certain Disease.

When the misguided and imprudent votary of pleasure finds he has imbibed the seeds of this painful disease, it too often happens that an ill-timed sense of shame, or dread of discovery, deters him from applying to those who from education and respectability can alone befriend him; delaying till the constitutional symptoms of this horrid disease make their appearance, such as ulcerated sore throat, nocturnal pains in the head and limbs, dimness of sight, deafness, nodes on the skin bones, and arms, blotches on the head face, and extremeties, progressing with frightful rapidity till at last the palate of the mouth or the bones of the nose fall in, and the victim of this awful disease becomes a horrid object of commiseration, till death puts a period to his dreadful sufferings, by sending him to "that bourne from whence no traveler returns." To such therefore Dr. Johnston pledges himself to preserve the most inviolable secrecy, and from his extensive practice in the first Hospitals of Europe and America, he can confidently recommend a safe and speedy cure to the unfortunate victim of this horrid disease.

Take particular Notice.

Dr. J. addresses all those who have injured themselves by private and improper indulgences.

These are some of the sad and melancholy effects produced by early habits of youth, viz: Weakness of the Back and Limbs, Pain in the Head, Dimness of Sight, Loss of Muscular Power, Palpitation of the Heart, Dyspepsia, Nervous Irritability, Derangement of the Digestive Functions, General Debility, symptoms of Consumption, &c.

MENTALLY.—The fearful effects upon the mind are much to be dreaded. Loss of Memory, Confusion of Ideas, Depression of the Spirits, Evil Forebodings, Aversion of Society, Timity, &c., are some of the evils produced.

Thousands of persons of all ages can now judge what is the cause of their declining health. Loosing their vigor, becoming weak pale and emaciated, having a singular appearance about the eyes, cough and symptoms of Consumption.

Dr. Johnston's Invigorating Remedy for Organic Weakness.

By this great and important remedy, weakness of the organs are speedily cured, and full vigor restored. The most delicate, the most nervous and debilitated, who have lost all hope, can, without fail, be immediately relieved. All impediments to Marriage, Physical and Mental Disqualification, Nervous Irritability, Trembling and Weakness, or exhaustion of the most fearful kind, speedily cured by Doctor Johnston

Young Men

Who have injured themselves by a certain practice, indulged in when alone—a habit frequently learned from evil companions, or at school—the effects of which are nightly felt, even when asleep, and if not cured renders marriage impossible, and destroys both mind and body, should apply immediately

What a pity that a young man, the hope of his country, and the darling of his parents, should be snatched from all prospects and enjoyments of life, by the consequence of deviating from the path of nature, and indulging in a certain secret habit. Such persons before contemplating

Marriage

should reflect that a sound mind and body are the most necessary requisites to promote conunbial happiness. Indeed, without these the journey through life becomes a weary pilgrimage, the prospect hourly darkens to the view; the mind becomes shadowed with despair and filled with the melancholy reflection that the happiness of another becomes blighted with our own.

OFFICE NO. 7 SOUTH FREDERICK ST., *Baltimore, Md*
ALL SURGICAL OPERATIONS PERFORMED.
N. B.—Let no false modesty prevent you, but apply immediately either personally or by letter.
SKIN DISEASES SPEEDILY CURED.

To Strangers.

The many thousands cured at this institution within the last 15 years, and the numerous important Surgical Operations performed by Dr. Johnston, witnessed by the reporters of the papers and many other persons, notices of which have appeared again and again before the public, besides his standing as a gentleman of character and responsibility, is a sufficient guarantee to the afflicted.

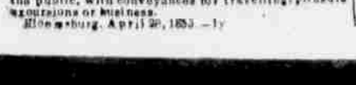
Take Notice.

N. B.—There are so many ignorant and worthless Quacks advertising themselves Physicians, ruining the health of the already afflicted, that Dr. Johnston deems it necessary to say, especially to those unacquainted with his reputation, that his credentials and diplomas always hang in his office.

☞ Take Notice.—All letters must be post paid, and contain a postage stamp for the reply, or no answer will be sent.

January 17, 1857.

OMNIBUS LINE & LIVERY STABLE
N. S. PRENTIS.



NOW runs a new Omnibus between Bloomsburg and the Railroad Depot, which will accommodate passengers from and to any of the residences of the town, or the American House and Fork Hotel; and he will also furnish conveyances to all travellers who may wish to go into any part of the county.

He has also a large livery stable connected with the omnibus line, from which he can accommodate the public, with conveyances for travelling, pleasure excursions or business.

Bloomsburg, April 25, 1857.—1y

Original Poetry.

Written for the Democrat.

"1776."

DEAR COLONEL TATE:—

Some few days ago, myself and several others paid a visit to the Wyoming Monument, erected over the remains of the brave men, who were led on to their fate by Col. Butler, and who fell gallantly fighting for their lives, their freedom, and their country, on the 3d of July, 1778.

As light-hearted and thoughtless as I generally am, I confess that from the moment that we entered the yard that surrounds the Monument, a solemn feeling entered my mind and pervaded my whole system during our visit to the sepulchre of the dead, which lasted full one hour.—There is no necessity for me to enter into a description of this time-honored Monument, for your readers have been treated time and again with more livid descriptions than could possibly emanate from my pen. But my muse appeared to run thus—

Sleep on, brave men, the cause is gained,
For which you nobly fought;
By your blood and by your lives,
Was this our freedom bought.

A generous country now has raised,
This Monument to you,
To mark the spot where brave men fell,
Who to the cause proved true.

No marble column marks the spot,
Where the Tory leaders fell;
'Twas they who caused the overthrow,
"With savage sons of hell!"

You nobly fought, you nobly fell,
Your lives the ransom paid;
And each when found grasped in his hand,
His trusty battle blade.

As if loth to part with what did seem
In that last trying hour;
The only friend on which to call,
To lend accustomed power.

Of what avail was cry for aid,
Or quarter to the foe;
The only quarters they were given,
Was the death dealing blow.

'Twas on the morning of the third,
You marched so nobly forth;
To meet the foe in bright array,
The veterans of the North.

And lo! a gallant band of men,
Out to the slaughter led,
A traitor led them to the strife,
Then to the foe he fled.

Three miles that day they scarcely marched,
When lo! the cry was given,
"The foe have gained our flank and rear,
Their cry ascends to heaven."

Three hundred gallant souls there fell,
The husband, father, friend;
In battling nobly for their rights,
Their firesides to defend.

Sleep on, sleep on, we'll not disturb
Thy ashes from their rest;
But as we pass them by we'll drop
A tear upon thy breast.

And should the tyrant 'ere appear,
Again upon our shore,
We'll swear, by thy dear ashes here,
To drive them back once more.

As long as our proud eagles flight,
Is upward to the sky,
The memory of thy mighty deeds,
With us shall never die.

And ancient Sparta she may boast,
Of her Thermopylæ;
Wyoming is the honored spot
In North America.

J. M. P.

[Written for the Columbia Democrat.

The Birth-Day of Freedom.

Let the poets of England write odes on their Queens,
And their musical notes raise on high;
The birth day of Freedom we ever will sing,
And rejoice on the *Fourth of July.*

No proud haughty monarch can here bear the sway,
All tyranny now we defy;
Fair Liberty ushers this bright joyful day,
And proclaims us the *Fourth of July*

When Washington boldly did marshal the field,
Our enemies prowess to try,
The tyrant of Britain was soon forced to yield,
At the voice of the *Fourth of July*

May sons of Columbia preserve and protect
The blessings on which they rely;
Nor with shameful indifference ever neglect
To rejoice on the *Fourth of July*

The effusions of light from a fountain so bright
Doth sparkle in every breast
Like heroes united, with joy and delight,
Let us welcome the day of our rest.

Eighty-one happy years have now rolled away
Since freedom was brought to its birth;
Yet firmer and stronger she hails the proud day,
As the glory and joy of the earth.

The foes of our freedom are baffled and beat:
Dejected and gloomy they sigh.
While Freedom sits smiling in triumph complete,
Remembering the *Fourth of July.*

May liberty throughout the wide world arise,
And bondage and tyranny die,
And may We continue the blessings to prize,
Which were gained on the Fourth of July.

☞ Becky Burchbud thinks it provoking for a woman who has been working all day mending her husband's old coat to find a love letter from another woman in the pocket—*Ex.*

Perfect nonsense—there is not a woman under heaven but would find the letter before she began to mend the coat—then it wouldn't be mended at all.—*Boston Post.*

☞ A Western editor once apologized to his readers somewhat after this fashion: We intended to have a death and a marriage to publish this week, but a violent storm prevented the weeding; and the doctor being taken sick himself, the patient recovered, and we are accordingly cheated out of both.

☞ 'John,' said a doting parent to her rather insatiable boy, 'can you eat that pudding with impunity?'

'I don't know, ma,' replied the young hopeful, 'but I guess I can with a spoon.

☞ The best capital to begin life on is a capital young wife.

Interesting Story.

Losing and Winning.

—OR—

LOVE AFTER MARRIAGE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE "COTTAGE IN THE GLEN," "SENSIBILITY," &C.

[CONTINUED.]

When the party broke up, Miss Eldon contrived again to secure Mr. Westbury's arm. She saw that he purposely avoided her, whether from new born indifference, or principle, she could not determine; but having boasted to quite a number of her confidential friends of his passion for herself, and the reluctance with which he had complied with his father's command to marry Julia, who had made the most indelicate advances—she resolved, if art or manœuvering could accomplish it, to maintain the appearance of power over him.—From the first she exulted in her conquest of Mr. Westbury's heart. She admired his person; his fortune she loved; and bitter was her mortification, unbounded her displeasure, when his hand was bestowed on another. To make it appear that he still loved her; to wring the heart of his wife, and detract from her character were now the main springs of her actions whenever she met them. The sight of Julia's pearls, which she thought should have been her own, awakened, on this evening, peculiarly bitter feelings. The hand—the heart even of Mr. Westbury were trifles, when compared with such beautiful ornaments, except as they were the medium through which the latter were to be obtained.

A ten minutes conversation with her cidevant lover was all her art could accomplish during the evening at Mrs. T——'s, until she secured his arm on going out.—In the entry they were detained by the crowd at the door, and looking round, they saw Mrs. Westbury, together with Mr. and Mrs. Eveleth, examining a bust of Gen. Lafayette, which stood on a pedestal, near the foot of the staircase. With a smile on her beautiful features, which were very slightly softened, a compound expression of scorn and malignity, Miss Eldon said—

"Really, Mrs. Westbury has made a conquest! Mr. Eveleth is devoted in his attentions, and enthusiastic in his encomiums! Do you not begin to be jealous?"

"Not in the least," Mr. Westbury replied. "The attentions and approbation of such a man as Mr. Eveleth, are an honor to any lady; and Mrs. Westbury's rigid sense of virtue and propriety will prevent her ever receiving improper attentions, should any one be disposed to offer them. She has too much delicacy and refinement to court the attentions even of her own husband, much less those of the husband of another!"

Miss Eldon was stung with mortification, and dropping her head, that her face might be concealed by her hood, she said, in a voice tremulous with conflicting passions—

"How little did I ever expect to hear Frederic Westbury speak to me in a severe tone!"

"Severe! Maria—Miss Eldon? Does common justice to Mrs. Westbury sound harshly in your ear?"

"Certainly not—but your tone—your manner are not what they were, and I hoped that no circumstances, no new engagements, would prevent your retaining a kindly feeling towards one whom," she hesitated—

"One whom I once loved," said Mr. Westbury, finishing the sentence for her "Yes, you well know that I once loved you."

"Once!" interrupted Miss Eldon.—"But this is man's fidelity!"

"Miss Eldon, you astonish me," said Mr. Westbury. "I am married; my wife commands my respect—nay, my aspiration; and duty, honor, everything commands that all former ties, however tender, should be broken. Our happiness, our respectability, commands that henceforth we be only common acquaintances."

"Be it so, farewell!" said Miss Eldon, with irrepressible bitterness of expression, and snatching her hand from beneath his arm, she sprang forward and took that of her brother, who had just issued from the parlor.

"Is that, can that be Maria Eldon?" thought Mr. Westbury; "the amiable, the feeling, the refined Maria! Where is my love, my admiration, my passion for her gone? or rather, by what blindness were they at first excited? Does she wish to retain—nay, does she *claim* the heart of the husband of another? What perversion of principle is here!"

The crowd at the door was by this time nearly dispersed, and Mr. Westbury, advancing to the trio that still remained near the bust, drew his wife's arm within his, and bidding Mr. and Mrs. Eveleth "good night," led her to their carriage.

"How have you enjoyed yourself this evening?" Mr. Westbury inquired, as soon as the carriage door was closed, and the coachman had mounted his box.

"Quite as well as I ever do in scenes of similar character," Julia answered.

"Do you not then relish society?"

"Not very well in such large masses," said Julia. To my apprehension, very large parties counteract the purpose for which social feelings were implanted within us."

"Then you disapprove, as well as dislike them?" said Mr. Westbury.

"I fear they are not quite innocent," said Julia. "So far as my observation has extended, they have little tendency to increase benevolence, or any of the finer feelings of the heart. I have often feared, that vanity and thirst for admiration, were the causes that draw together one half of the crowd; and a vulgar love of luxuries the other."

"Those causes surely do not influence all those who attend large assemblies," said Mr. Westbury. "Such persons as Mr. and Mrs. Eveleth, for instance, are entirely above them."

"Undoubtedly," said Julia. "Still I believe the rule as general as any other."

"Does not the elegant and instructive conversation of such a man as Mr. Eveleth reconcile you to the crowd?" Mr. Westbury inquired.

"Certainly not," said Julia. "How much more highly such conversation would be enjoyed—how much greater benefit derived from it, in a small circle. Artificial delicacy and refinement—artificial feeling—artificial good nature—artificial friendship, are the usual compound that make large companies." Had Mr. and Mrs. Eveleth spent this evening with us, in our quiet parlor, how much greater would have been the enjoyment! how much more profitable the time might have been occupied."

"It might," said Mr. Westbury. "Mr Eveleth has great colloquial powers. His conversation is at once brilliant and instructive. I know no gentleman who equals him in this particular.

"I cannot say quite so much as that," said Julia, "though he certainly converses uncommonly well."

"Who can you name that is his equal?" asked Mr. Westbury.

Julia hesitated a little, and blushed a great deal, though her blushes were unseen, as she said—"In conversational powers, I think my present companion is very rarely if ever excelled. And why," she added, "such gentlemen should mingle in crowds, where their talents are in a great measure lost, instead of meeting in select circles, where they could find congenial minds—minds, at least, in some degree capable of appreciating them, I cannot conceive.—But I suppose my ideas of rational enjoyment, of elegant society are very singular." She stopped short, fearing she was saying too much, but Mr. Westbury requested her to proceed. After a minute's hesitation she said—

"I think the crowded drawing room should be abandoned to those who are capable of no higher enjoyment than gossip, nonsense, flirtation, and eating oysters, confections and creams—and that people of talent, education, principle, and refinement, should associate freely in small circles, and with little ceremony. In such kind of intercourse, new friendships would be formed, and old ones cemented, the mind and heart would be improved, and the demons of envy and destruction excluded. After an evening spent in such a circle, the monitor within would be at peace, and the blessing and protection of Heaven could be sought, within a feeling of shame and self-condemnation."

"Then your conscience is really at war with large parties?" said Mr. Westbury.

"I cannot deny that it is," Julia answered, "Impelled by circumstances, I have striven to think they might sometimes be innocently attended, and perhaps they may; but I confess that the reproaches of my own conscience are more and more severe, every time I repeat the indulgence. Whatever they be to others, I am constrained to believe they are not innocent for me."

Mr. Westbury made no reply, for at that moment the carriage stopped at their own door, and the subject was not again resumed.

Every party was sure to procure for Mrs. Westbury the favor of a call from Mrs. Cunningham. On the following morning, at as early an hour as etiquette would allow, she made her appearance.

"I could not stay away this morning, she said, the moment she entered. "I am so vexed, and so hurt, that I must have the sympathy of some friendly heart; and you are a friend to every one especially when in trouble."

"What troubles you, Mrs. Cunningham?" Mrs. Westbury inquired.

"You recollect," said Mrs. Cunningham, "what I said to you last night about Mr. Cunningham's indisposition. Well, as soon as I got home, I ran up stairs, of course, you know, to see how he was, expecting to find him abed and asleep. Judge how I felt, when I found my bed as I left it, and no husband in the chamber. I flew down stairs, and searched every room for him, but in vain. I then rang for Peggy, and asked "if she knew where Mr. Cunningham was." 'La, ma'am,' said she, 'I'm sure I dont know. He went out just after you did. He called me to give charge about the fires, and said he was going out I thought he had altered his mind, and was going to Mrs. T——'s. I dismissed the girl, and went to my chamber in agony, as you may suppose. I declare I hardly knew what I did or thought for three long hours—for it was so long before Mr. Cunningham came home! I don't know what I said to him when he came, but he was not the kind, affectionate creature, that he ever has been, for he almost harshly told me to cease my upbraidings! think what a word—for if I sought pleasure where I liked, I must not quarrel with him for doing the same!' My dear Mrs. Westbury, I could not make him tell me where he had been, do all I could—and I have horrible surmises. What shall I do? I am sick at heart, and almost distracted."

"Will you follow my advice, my dear Mrs. Cunningham?" said Mrs. Westbury, who truly pitied her distress, much as she blamed her.

"O, yes—I will do anything to feel happier than I now do. Really my heart is broken," and she burst into a passion of tears.

Mrs. Westbury attempted to soothe her, and then said—

"Forgive me, if I wound, when I would only heal. You have been a little imprudent, and must retrace your steps by confirming to the taste of your husband. He does not like crowds, and you must in part relinquish them for his sake."

"And is not that hard?" said Mrs. Cunningham. "Why should he not conform to my taste, as well as I to his?—Why must men always have their own way?"

"That point it is not worth while to discuss," said Mrs. Westbury. "Your happiness, my friend, is at stake. Can you hesitate an instant which to relinquish; those pleasures, which, after all, are so unsatisfying, or the approbation, the happiness, perhaps, the heart, even, of your husband?"

"But why," persisted Mrs. Cunningham, "need he be so obstinate? You see he could go out and stay till two in the morning! It seems as if he did it on purpose to torment me," and she again burst into tears.

"I have not the least doubt," said Mrs. Westbury, that would you yield to Mr. Cunningham's wishes—would you let him see that you care more about pleasing him than yourself, he would cheerfully, and frequently, perhaps, accommodate himself to your taste. Few men will bear being driven, and they would be objects of our contempt if they would, for authority is divinely delegated to them; but there are few who have not generosity enough to take pleasure in gratifying the wife, who evidently strives to meet his wishes, and is willing to sacrifice her own pleasures, that she may promote his happiness."

"But I can't see," said Mrs. Cunningham, 'why my happiness is not of as much consequence as my husband's. I can't see why all sacrifice should be on my side!"

"Do you not perceive," said Mrs. Westbury," "that the sacrifices you make are made to secure your happiness, and not to destroy it?"

"I don't know," said Mrs Cunningham, "I can't bear to have Ned think to manage me as he would a little child, and then punish me, as he did last night, if I don't do just as he says. I don't think it fair. And I don't know as it would be of any avail, should I follow your advice.—Some men will be ugly, do what you will! And why should you understand managing the men better than I do? You are two or three years younger!

"I never studied how to manage them," said Mrs. Westbury; "but I have thought a good deal on the best way of securing domestic happiness; and reason, observation and the word of God teach me, that would the wife be happy and beloved, she must be in subjection to her own husband. He may not always be reasonable, but she cannot 'usurp authority' without at once warring against Heaven, and her peace and respectability. Think of it, my dear Mrs. Cunningham, ruminate upon it, and in your decision be careful not to let will influence you to sacrifice a greater good for a less. It is not degrading for a wife to submit to her husband. On the contrary, she never appears more lovely than when cheerfully and gracefully yielding to her own wishes that she may comply with his. Women were not made to rule; and in my view, the wife who attempts to govern, and the husband who submits to be governed, are equally contemptible."

"What an admirable wife you would be for a tyrant!" exclaimed Mrs. Cunningham. "I never heard the doctrine of passive obedience more strenously inculcated. Indeed, you would make a tyrant of any man?"

"If any thing would disarm the tyrant," said Mrs. Westbury, "I think this passive obedience would do it, if, at the same time it were a cheerful obedience. But, happily you have no tyrant to disarm. Your husband, I am satisfied, would be easily pleased. Try, my friend, for a little while to yield to him, and see if you do not meet a rich reward."

"Well, I will think of it," said Mrs. Cunningham, and perhaps shall do as you advise; for really I am very wretched now. O, dear, I do wish the men were not so obstinate! so overbearing! so selfish!"

For some time things went on very calmly with Julia. Though there was nothing tender, or even affectionate in the manner of her husband, there was a gradual alteration, sufficient to keep hope alive, and stimulate her to exertion. He spent more and more of his leisure time at home, and was at least becoming reconciled to her society, Julia's system of visiting had been partially adopted, and Mr. Westbury enjoyed it highly. Mr. and Mrs. Eveleth, and a few other friends of congenial minds, had been invited to drop in occasionally without ceremony; the invitation had been complied with, and Mr. Westbury and Julia had returned a few visits of this kind.

"But after a while, this faint gleam of sunshine began to fade away. A cloud of care seemed settling on Mr. Westbury's brow, he passed less of his time at home, till at length Julia scarcely saw him, except at meal times. "What is the matter?" thought Julia. "Am I the cause? is Miss Eldon? or is it some perplexity in his affairs?" She longed to inquire. If she had displeased him, she wished to correct whatever had given displeasure. If his sadness was in any way connected with Miss Eldon, of course she could not in any way interfere; but if it originated in any cause foreign to either, she ardently desired to offer her sympathy, and share his sorrows. Day after day passed, without producing any favorable change, and Julia's feelings were wrought up to agony. She resolved, at all hazards, to inquire into the cause of his depression.

He came in late one evening, and taking a seat near the table besides which Julia was sitting, leaned his head on his hand. Half an hour passed without a word being uttered. "Now is my time," thought Julia. "Yet how can I do it?—What can I say! A favored wife would seat herself on his knee, entwine his neck with her arms, and penetrate his very heart—but I, alas, should only disgust by such freedom. She drew a sigh, and summoning all her courage, said, in a timid voice—

"I fear I have unwittingly offended you, Mr. Westbury?"

Westbury looked up in some surprise, and assured her "she had not."

"You have absented yourself from home so much of late," said Julia, "that I feared your own fireside was becoming less agreeable to you than ever."

"Business of importance," said Mr. Westbury, "has of late demanded all my time, and to-morrow I must start for Philadelphia."

"For Philadelphia!" said Julia. "To be absent how long?"

"That," said Mr. Westbury, "must depend on circumstances. I may be absent some time."

The following morning witnessed the departure of Mr. Westbury, and Julia was left to painful conjecture as to the cause of his dejection. Three weeks passed away, in each of which she received a letter from him, comporting exactly with his manner towards her—friendly and respectfully, but neither tender nor confiding.

At the close of that period, Julia was one day alarmed by the unceremonies entrance of a sheriff's officer. He was the bearer of a writ of attachment, with orders to seize all the furniture.

(REMAINDER NEXT WEEK.)

A Remarkable Meteor.

IF NOT A COMET, SOMETHING THAT "STRUCK" AS HARD.

The Utica papers have an account of a very singular phenomenon, which was witnessed on Saturday last, and which caused the death of two persons:

"During the afternoon, a funnel-shaped moving body of a nebulous character, appeared at a point over Utica, moving rapidly along with a humming sound. It struck the ground near the dwelling of a Mr. Root, in Deerfield, tearing down a fence or two, and passing on, gradually settling lower and lower. At last, having reached a point some five miles in a northeasterly direction from this city, near the dwelling of Mr. Nathan Budlong, in Schuyler, it made a decent upon his barn, ripped it up, and scattering it to the winds. Then passing on, tearing up trees, fences and outhouses in its terrible course, it finally struck the dwelling of Mr. John Warren, which was lifted from its stone foundation, carried a distance of some fifteen feet through the air, and dashed in splinters upon the ground, leaving a clean plat of grass between the place where it had stood and the pile of rubbish."

"In the house were a family of six—parents and children. Mr. Warren, seeing the terrible object rushing down upon him, tearing up trees and fences in its onward course, and buzzing like a thousand hornets' nests combined, called upon his wife and children instantly to accompany him to the cellar, and, suiting the action of the word, seized two of the children and leaped down the stairway. The wife essayed to follow, but her footsteps were tardy; she was a moment—an instant too late; the engine of distruction tore the building up, carrying herself and child, together with a little son who was behind her, with it. The husband had but time to see her ascend with the building that tore away from above him, and then he stood exposed to the day, in his open cellar. He went to view the ruin of his home; it was complete. Here lay the dead and nude body of his wife, the destroying power having stripped the clothing from her person; here lay his son covered with blood, and senseless; and, just beyond, his dwelling lay one such mass of destruction as probably never was beheld before. Broken and splintered bedsteads, cradles, tables, pots, kettles, chairs, boxes, trunks, crockery, tin ware, hats, clothes, shoes, bottles, bricks, plaster, clocks, beams, stones, shingles, and endless et ceteras, lay crushed and crumbled in one heap before him."

"Next, in the due southeasterly, line of its course, it uprooted several large trees, scattered the fences, crossed the road and demolished a large barn, belonging to Mr. John M. Budlong. This building was of recent and very substantial building, and 35 by 50 feet upon its bases, yet the destructive element tore it to pices, scattering large timbers about the fields at a distance of from five to fifteen rods, distributing of the roof in various directions, and actually taking up an iron cylinder threshing machine, weighing perhaps four hundred pounds, and deposited it at least eighty feet from the barn. A cow belonging to Mr. B., standing near the barn, was killed without any apparent outward wound. About eighty rods farther on, in a direct line, a smaller barn, belonging to the same gentleman, was demolished; and what is very singular in this instance, but little of the material of which it was constructed is to be found anywhere. A few shivered boards and timbers alone attest to its previous existence. The dwelling of Mr. Budlong had a narrow escape. A shingle or two torn from one corner of the roof indicates how narrowly it escaped destruction."

"Beyond the premises of Mr. P., for about a mile, prostrate trees and fences evidence the track of the destructive messenger. It, however, seemed to have released its hold upon the earth soon after leaving the farm of Mr. B., for it was distinctly seen to rise from the surface and dissolve its conical shape into a general cloudy form. The phenomenon was followed by violent rain and wind. Two men, at work in a field, saw the strange apparition approach, and took to their heels, barely escaping its track as it passed on. It seemed to rise from the time it was first seen, and the evidences before us of destruction lie in a district not over four or five miles in extent, in a due southeasterly direction from where its first touch was felt, and a track about fifteen rods in width. Whatever of material substance presented if in its track was swept away, and the appearance presented was certainly fearful to behold."

☞ American Independence, now and forever.